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ILLUSTRATIONS FROM CURRENT EVENTS.

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UNRECOGNIZED BENEFACTORS.

It is doubtful if the average man or woman appreciates as he or she ought the blessings which come from the quiet and studious lives of scholarly and scientific men who devote their talents and their time to studying into the great secrets of nature. A recent writer calls attention to this in connection with Lord Kelvin's scientific discoveries which do not lend themselves easily to popular description. His work has had many sides. To perhaps the majority of people who know of him at all, he is known as an inventor whose instruments are the standard used in all exact electrical measurements, whether in the laboratory or in the workshop; whose compass and sounding machine by freeing the course of the mariner from error due to the magnetism of the ship and making his approach to the coast in thick weather easily ascertainable, has saved thousands of lives, and robbed ocean navigation to a great extent of its perils and delays. How many who thus ride safely through the storm and are guided safely past the dangerous rocks have no thought of thankfulness to the quiet student who thus laid his hand in benediction on all humanity present and to come. 'Tis good to so live that all life is the richer for our living. (251)

THE MOST POISONOUS OF ALL SERPENTS.

Dr. Howard A. Kelly, of the Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore, declares that the use of whisky as an antidote for snake poison is a great mistake. He says that he is firmly convinced that more persons who die after being bitten by poisonous snakes are killed by the whisky they drink than by the snake poison. It is a common notion that it is impossible for a person to get drunk who has been bitten by a snake. Acting on that theory, a pint, and in some cases a quart of whisky has often been given as an antidote. Dr. Kelly says that whisky is a poison, and taken in such quantities would often produce death anyway, without the snake bite. However this may be, it is most surely true that the serpent in the strong drink bites to the death more human beings than all other poisonous serpents in the world combined. Solomon was never wiser than when he said, "Strong drink is raging, and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise." (252)

PROPHETIC EVENTS.

The increased price of iron in this country has led to a very profitable business enterprise in gathering up old iron in the Island of Cuba and shipping it to the United States. One man has shipped thirty-five thousand tons of Havanna to New Orleans. The stuff

which he secured was chiefly the wreckage and debris of war. For example, there were about four thousand tons of old cannon balls scattered between Morro and Cabannas. They were obsolete projectiles, mostly round, solid-shot, intended for the antique muzzle loaders, with which the fortifications fairly bristled. They have been shipped to American foundries, and will be made into stoves and pots and kettles. What a blessed day it will be for the world when all the enginery of war shall have grown obsolete and unnecessary, and their materials turned into the implements of peace. Isaiah saw that day, and said, "They shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning hooks; nations shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more." Every man who yields his heart to Christ and seeks to live in His spirit is hastening the coming of that glorious day. (253)

GREAT MEN'S DEBT TO THEIR WIVES.

Lady Beaconsfield was an enthusiastic sympathizer with her husband in all his interests and was devoted to him. When in the Commons he was constantly at work and gave himself little rest. He used to dine late at night, and very sparingly. Once referring to this hasty dinner and assiduous attendance, a gentleman said to Lady Beaconsfield that he could not understand how her husband kept going. "Ah, but," she answered, "I always have supper for him when he comes home, and lights, lights, plenty of lights—Dizzy always likes lights, and then he tells me everything that has happened in the House and then I clap him off to bed." Many a great man whose light as shone round the world has owed his illumination largely to the light he found in the true heart by the fireside. (254)

THE SPIRIT MORE IMPORTANT THAN THE DEED.

There are a great number of modern crimes which could not have been committed in ancient days because the instruments for the perpetration did not exist. They are the outcome of modern civilization and they require new legislation. For instance, the tapping of a telegraph wire is a modern form of highway robbery. In the old days the method was to waylay the courier on the road and to rob him of his purse or his message. The formula of the modern highwayman is not "Stand and deliver," but simply "Deliver!" And he may get a message from the lightning courier which may be worth more to him than a well-filled purse. But there is nothing to be gained by indiscriminate tapping. It is some special message or information that the thief is looking for; possibly for its effect on the stock market or on other business ventures. But the use of cipher codes renders the tapping of telegraph wires of little avail even in time of war, unless the code as well as the message has been stolen. For the tapping of power or light lines the modern highwayman comes in out of the rain. He can do his business better in doors, better by attacking the electric meter, confusing its calculations, and thus getting more current than he pays for. So the legislatures keep busy making new statutes to fit the crimes that keep pace with modern invention. But the spirit, the motive which causes crime was just the same in the old time as it is now. And in God's sight it is always the spirit that is important. (225)

FLOWERS IN PRISON.

The authorities at the House of Correction in Chicago are going to try an interesting experiment in the way of raising flowers by the work of criminals. Three large green houses have been built, and it is the purpose of the superintendent to employ in the work of producing the most beautiful roses the most hardened women who are committed to his care, and he believes that it will have a more softening and beneficial effect on them than the heavier labor in the laundry which is usually selected for women prisoners. The superintendent got his idea in a very interesting way. One day a beautiful girl who was deeply interested in charitable work came and asked to see the women prisoners. The superintendent himself took her among them where they were at work. She wore a red rose in her hair, and the minute the women saw her "Maggie the Terror," as she was called, a woman more dreaded by the other women in the institution than any other, attracted the visitor's attention. Suddenly the girl walked over to Maggie, and, taking the rose from her hair, handed it to her. Maggie looked worried and then smiled, and, though the superintendent had known her for years, for the first time he heard her say, "God bless you." Maggie is now a faithful servant in the home of the young woman who handed her the rose, and

the superintendent reasons that if the flower did so much for her, he cannot see why it should not help others. There is reason to hope that some good may be done by the experiment, but after all it was not the rose which was so great a factor in the salvation of Maggie as the sympathy and loving personality of the woman who gave it to her. Flowers are little unless they have personal love behind them. (256)

THE LIGHTSHIP.

Richard Stillman Powell writes a very pretty little poem in the Criterion which he calls the "Lightship," which suggests the steady light which falls from God's word for the safety of voyagers on the sea of life. Mr. Powell sings:

When boats come home across the bar,
And winter's sunlight dies afar;
When green and purple dust creeps down
And hides the harbor and the town;
Each night far out to sea a beam
Of pale, wan light sends forth its gleam
Across the peaceful, darkening tides,
And marks the lightship where she rides.

When tempest-tossed, the ships slip by
The foam-hid headland, and the sky
Is torn with wrack of scudding cloud,
And winds of winter cry aloud:
Lo, through the roar of crashing wave,
Above the tempest's moan and rave,
A voice comes o'er the troubled tides,
And marks where yet the lightship rides!

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DOING THINGS THE HARD WAY.

There are a good many people who always do things the hard way. Instead of using their heads and finding out how it can be done with the greatest expedition and through an outlay of the least force, they fly at a conclusion and waste their energy for lack of careful thought. A rather amusing story of Mike's experience with an umbrella illustrates many a man's predicament in the more serious things of life. Old Mike and his wife lived in a little cabin on the mountain, one of a type which is happily becoming every day more rare. The walls were of mud, and the floor of the same useful material, with a gutter running down the middle to divide the family apartment from that of the cow and the donkey. To this mansion came His Reverence one cold, showery morning in March. His umbrella was wet and dripping, so, being a careful man, he placed it open in the space vacated by the animals who were grazing outside. After holding devotions with the family, the priest went for a stroll, while Moira, the wife, prepared his breakfast, for to entertain His Reverence was a great honor. He had not gone far when a heavy shower obliged him to take shelter under a tree, and send a little gossoon running back after his umbrella. "His Riverence is affer sinding me to bring him his ombrell," said the boy, bursting into the cabin. "The saints presarve us!" said Mike, "maybe it's the thing he left there beyant, there in the corner," and seizing the umbrella he tried to pass it through the door, but the entrance was low and narrow, and the umbrella large and wide. Without a moment's hesitation he caught up a spade and began shoveling down the wall at either side of the door. "Man alive!" said the priest, appearing on the scene, "whatever are ye at?" "Shure, it's makin' way I am for your Riverence's ombrell," said old Mike; "divil a bit of it'll go through the door at all, at all." "Ah, nonsense, man," said His Reverence, laughing, and stepping inside, he took the umbrella out of the housewife's hand and closed it before them. Old Mike stared at it aghast. Then he turned to his wife, "Glory be to God, Moira," he said, "is there anything beyant the power of the priest?" (258)

THE LETTER BUT NOT THE SPIRIT.

There is perhaps no country among civilized nations where there is more superstition and a more careful keeping of religious forms, while the spirit is often lacking, than in Southern Italy. Before breaking into a shop or committing some other crime, the perpetrators will devoutly make the sign of the cross, and when a man goes to a duel he will

sprinkle himself with holy water at the nearest church, in order to make sure that his revolver will not miss fire or his knife fail. Even when robbing some valuable objects from a church altar the thief will first kneel down, murmuring an assurance that it is not contempt for the sacred utensils, but necessity, which leads him to the crime. I fear that in more enlightened countries there is practically the same sort of superstition and inconsistency. Many people hold to the letter, but deny the spirit of Godliness. But God, who sees the heart sees no virtue in anything we do except there be the righteous motive prompting it.

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THE OPEN HEART.

John Vance Cheney publishes in the Century Magazine a beautiful little poem entitled "The Open Heart," which teaches that it is only to the heart that is open to receive God's message that the beautiful things of nature can betray their hidden secrets:

Would you understand
The language with no word,
The speech of brook and bird,
Of waves along the sand?

Would you make your own
The meaning of the leaves,
The song the silence weaves
Where little winds make moan?

Would you know how sweet
The falling of the rill,
The calling on the hill—
All tunes the days repeat?

Neither aims nor art,
No toil, can help you here;
The secret of the year
Is in the open heart.

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THE HEROES OF PEACE.

The New York Sun, speaking of the death of a captain in the fire department, remarked that while his employment had none of the inspiration and the stimulus that is lent to the soldier in battle, by the hope of glory and the shock of personal conflict of man with man, was yet a hero in the truest sense. He stood ready by day and by night, to face death, and did face death five, ten, twenty times a week—not at the summons of the trumpets and the drums, but in the ringing of the gongs. In his fights with fire he had seen many an engagement any one of which was the equal in risk to himself and his comrades of battles in memory of which men wear bronze buttons in their coat lapels. When the fireman climbs a wall with his scaling ladder and descends under the weight of a fainting woman; when he makes a bridge of his back that those in peril may walk over to him in safety; when he hangs by his legs from a roof and swings one man after another from a window below out of danger to his side; when strapped to his seat on the engine, turning a corner at full speed, he overturns the engine to save an old apple woman from being run down, he is doing things for which men on the battlefield would win the Legion of Honor. The time will come when heroism in saving life will be counted nobler than in destroying it. (261)

DESTRUCTION WROUGHT BY PETTY VICES.

There has been such an increase in the number of prairie dogs in certain portions of Texas during the past few years that it is said many farms will have to be abandoned unless some method of exterminating the pests is adopted soon. These little animals have so multiplied since the coyotes and wolves have been driven out by the settlers that their colonies are now overrunning the country. As many as five thousand of them have been found in a single prairie dog town, occupying a few acres of land. They will often move right into the center of a big wheat field, and establishing a town there, will destroy the grain of the entire field. Many human lives are wrecked in a similar way, not by large vices or by outbreaking and disgraceful sins, but by things which in themselves are regarded as petty and insignificant, but they eat out the roots of life, and destroy its power to concentrate on any great purpose. Solomon was wise when he said that we should look out for "the little foxes that spoil the grapes."

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MUSIC IN THE SMALL DEEDS OF LIFE.

Singing birds are prized in all countries, but it is only in Japan that the notes of insects have been appreciated, and the insects named according to their different voices. The love of listening to these singing insects has for centuries been an impassioned pastime in Japan, and has created at last a unique trade and market. In Tokio toward the end of May little cages of exquisitely cut bamboo may be seen hung up on the verandas of houses, and in the cool of the dawn and at the close of summer days strange little whistles and tinklings and thrills proceed from these cages and make the air resound with the music. A recent traveler tells how he was moving from room to room in a quiet Buddhist temple at the hour of the hush that comes at the fall of twilight, when his attention was suddenly arrested by a silvery trill which filled at intervals the whole place. It was delicate and clear, like an etherealized bird's song, and yet of much smaller volume than a bird's note. He called the priest's daughter and asked her what it was he heard singing. "That is a Suzumushi singing," she replied; "come and I will show you where it is." She led him to the back of the temple and pointed to the eaves of a cottage opposite. Looking across, he saw a tiny reed cage hanging up, and in one corner a small black insect, hardly discernable in the dim light. "That is the insect you heard singing," said the priest's daughter. "It is called a Suzumushi, and its voice is beautiful and cool." Since God has made even the least insects to have beauty both in form and color and song, we should learn how to do the smallest deeds of every day life in a kindly, gracious way that shall have the effect of harmony and music upon others. What a difference there is between the musical life and the one that is full of harsh discord. Only by making Christ Master in our lives can they be set to heavenly music in all departments of expression.

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SETTLING THINGS RIGHT.

It is an old proverb among reformers that "nothing is ever settled until it is settled right." The great French novelist, M. Zola, has put this motto in a new setting in commenting on the Dreyfus case. He says: "France believes that with the liberation of Dreyfus the affair was ended. It was an error. * * * Material interest—money—has once again been of more account than the highest human ideals. France wanted, first, to do more honor to her signature as a rich and commercial nation than as a free and just nation; and has put back to an uncertain date the payment of the false bill of exchange by which her staff deprived her of credit and honor. I am always more convinced that it would be better for my country to totally liquidate the affair before the exhibition."

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BRED TO BE A SOLDIER.

Many good stories about General Lawton have come to the surface since his death. Major Strong, who was on the staff of General MacArthur in the Philippines, says Lawton confessed of being afraid once in his life. That was when he was riding with his 12-year-old son Manley past a cemetery in Manila. It seems that a Montana detail had just buried a comrade when a California burying detail came up. Somehow they failed to get cartridges and asked the Montanas for some. The latter had nothing but ball cartridges. "Oh, they'll do," said the California sergeant. "Ready, fire!" came the order a moment later. The bullets went whizzing over the grave and over the stone wall, on the other side of which was riding General Lawton, his head only a few inches below the wall. The bullets made a breeze as they went past. "That is the only time that I can remember of being scared," said the general later, "but my boy spoke up and said: 'Papa, is this like being under real fire? If it is, I like it.'" The boy was born to courage and to the soldier spirit, and it came not only by inheritance but from early training. If the Church of Jesus Christ would have brave soldiers whose moral courage shall stand every test they must recruit the army from children consecrated from infancy to the holy cause of the world's redemption.

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POWER OF RIDICULE.

Senator Vest, of Missouri, relates how he was once making a speech to a small crowd in a country place in Kentucky. He stood on a stump in a little clearing, while his audience either sat or lay on the ground while he spoke. He thought he was making a very good speech and everything was going to his satisfaction, when, at the height of what he considered a splendid flight of oratory a long, lean, lank, one-gallused, shrill-voiced backwoodsman rose from a lounging position about the middle of the group and said: "Go it, my

wood-pecker!" Vest's hair was very red and he wore a blue suit. The audience caught onto the apt description and he was knocked clear off the stump and adjourned the meeting. Ridicule is often a dangerous weapon, and the man who is safest from it is the one who by dress and manner is the most simple and straightforward. Any sort of affectation or pretense leaves a break in the armor for such shafts. (266)

THE BUDS OF LIFE.

The lumbermen up in Wisconsin do not love the porcupine. It ruins hundreds of dollars worth of fine timber each year, and the sum it has cost the state in the aggregate is enormous. Its method of feeding is to select a tree to its liking, and systematically go through it from the topmost branch to the root, stripping it of buds and bark as it descends. The tree may get to be pretty tough after a while and there may be lots of more tender ones around, but the porcupine always makes a thorough job before deserting it for another. The tree subjected to this treatment always dies and there are places in the woods where acres of dead trunks standing about tell where the small but industrious beast has been at work. It is specially fond of the tender buds at the ends of the limbs. It will frequently cut off a limb simply to get to the bud on the end of it. There are many sins and vices in the community that thus make war on civilization by preying upon the young and the helpless. Every force of the church and state ought to be set peculiarly for the protection of childhood, for in human life as in the forest, whatever destroys the buds will destroy the tree. (267)

THE ORCHESTRA OF TOIL.

A recent writer comments on the wild, irregular, but delightful music that is made by the thousand wind instruments and the hundreds of tinkling and roaring bells which together make up a great orchestra on a foggy morning in a city like New York. All day long the music of this vast and widely scattered orchestra echoes about the city, loud or low. Coming to the ears of men pent up in high sunless buildings the music seems to fill the room with sea-odors, and interposes between the workmen and his work visions of undulating gray water peopled with dim moving masses. As the ferry boat leaves her slip the orchestra is stirred to madness; little bells tinkle and great bells bomb; from out the impenetrable fog blanket come historical notes of warning pitched in many keys. Great craft move slowly as if feeling their way through the fog with sensitive tentacles, with long, low, slightly tremulous hooting of bass, as if a bewildered giant warned common folk of his approach. Small craft emit more frequent and sharper cries. Now and again a stern challenge comes from the shallows of the bay, and a moment later there is a thickening in the near distance which soon grows to the dim crab-like shape of a ferry boat. And so on through the day on water and on land the great orchestra of human toil is ever changing the tune, but never ceasing its music. All human life is like that, and in the larger vision of nations with their tumult of wars and their diplomatic quarrels and their political changes, it is only an orchestra on a grander scale. Christ is in the world to give the key to all this orchestra made up of cities and nations and races. Some day the music will be set to that key, and every man who surrenders his own heart to be the kingdom of God is helping to bring about that time. (268)

DOES THE WORLD ADVANCE?

The American manufacturer claims that such ideas as Wendell Phillips embodied in his lecture on "The Lost Arts" may be very poetic as a matter of sentiment, but are not true to the facts. It declares that the allegation that ancient Egyptians tempered copper and bronze to carry a razor edge is not borne out by investigation and that with examining hundreds of specimens alleged to have been tempered to the degree that steel is tempered, none have ever been found to stand the test. This paper asserts that the ancients were children in mechanical knowledge as compared with the people of to-day, and if there was a demand for any particular building or piece of work such as was produced by the ancients, it could be duplicated and improved on by the skilled artisans of the 19th century. This is probably true, and it is also just as true that the gray haired men and women of to-day who imagine that there has ever been a time in the world's history when men, as a whole, were more moral and upright and truthful than they are now, are just as far astray as the people who think the ancients were more scientific than the moderns. The world is not going backward but forward. (269)

A QUIET MAN'S COURAGE.

A very good story is told in Washington about one of Senator Beveridge's friends who went to him and told him that whenever he had any political row to count on his support. The gentleman himself tells the story as follows: Senator Beveridge's face assumed the most bland and childlike expression when he replied in very gentle voice: "My dear boy, there is not going to be any row. I won't have any row with anybody. If anybody wants to have a row with me, I will run away from him; not only that, but I will run hard. But," added the senator, with a glitter of the eye, "if anybody catches up with me there will be trouble." The wise man will never force that sort of a man to a fight. The blusterer is seldom dangerous to anybody but himself, but the quiet man who loves peace has usually the courage of his convictions.

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RAPID HISTORY MAKING.

History is made rapidly in these days. The world does not have time to talk over yesterday's life as it once did. Only a little while ago the whole world was talking about Grant and Sherman and Sheridan and Lee and Porter and Farragut, but they all passed out of sight when Sampson and Dewey and Otis and Roosevelt and Lawton came on the stage. And now they are largely forgotten and those daily historians, the newspapers, are full of Roberts and Buller and Methuen and Oom Paul and Joubert, and Ladysmith has made the whole world forget Sebastopol and Vicksburg and Santiago. There never was a time when the power to concentrate all one's force on to-day's opportunity counted for so much as it does now. In material as well as in spiritual things we are living in a time which puts emphasis upon the Scripture, "To-day is the day of salvation."

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"OUR BROTHER WITH THE HOE."

Some months since a gentleman whose name is not given offered \$700.00 in prizes through the editor of the New York Sun for the three best poems in reply to Edwin Markham's famous poem entitled, "The Man With the Hoe." The prizes have recently been awarded. Mr. John Vance Cheney, of Chicago, received the first prize. Mr. Cheney changes the real theme to "Our Brother With the Hoe," and a very hopeful picture he gives of the strength and courage born of honest toil. The following verses give the essence of his poem:

Strength shall he have, the toiler, strength and grace,
So fitted to his place

No blot, no monster, no unsightly thing,
The soil's long-lineaged king;

His changeless realm, he knows it and commands;
Erect enough he stands,

Tall as his toil. Nor does he bow unblest;
Labor he has, and rest.

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THE INCAPABLE.

The second prize for a reply to Mr. Markham's poem has been given to Mr. Hamilton Schuyler, of Orange, New Jersey. Mr. Schuyler points out that the only man who is degraded by his work is the man who does not go at it in the proper spirit, but who, through laziness, seeks to get through the world without work and thus becomes at last a vagabond and a tramp. The contrast which he paints between the honest workman who faces his toil with courage and good cheer, and the wandering idler is very sharp and clear:

The ploughman whistles blythely as he goes
And turns upon the world no coward face,
In joy he reaps that which in hope he sows,
Nor bows his head to aught but heaven's grace.

The craftsman, too, rejoices in the thing
To fashion which his cunning hand was taught;
Of want he feels nor fears the bitter sting;
In manhood's strength his destiny is wrought.

But this one,—futile, hopeless, crushed to earth,
 A prey forever to forbodings grim,
 Well may he curse the day that gave ~~him~~ birth,
 And summon God and man to pity him.

As to what brought the tramp to his pitiable condition Mr. Schuyler has no doubt, and plainly states it in the following verses:

No sweat of manly efforts damps his brow.
 In workshop, field or mart he hath no place.
 To earn his daily bread he knows not how,
 Or scornful, counts the offered means—disgrace.

Too proud to dig, yet not too proud to eat
 The bread of strangers to his face and name;
 Homeless, he wanders with uncertain feet,
 Of thrift the scorn, of fate the idle gain.

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THE SONG OF LABOR.

The third prize in the competition for replies to "The Man With the Hoe," was won by a woman, Kate Masterson. She would set the toiler to a quickstep of marching music. To her mind the man with the hoe taken in his entirety is, after all, brave and courageous, hopeful and joyous, and from the busy world of labor she catches a song which she interprets to us in a very inspiring poem. The first verse with its chorus gives an idea of her strong and vigorous lines, as well as the central thought of her song:

From giant-forests, hewn!
 And golden fields of grain;
 From the furrowed hills and the belching mills
 With their fuel of hand and brain;
 From the mountain's mine-dug depth
 To star paths made by men,
 Sounds one vast song that rolls along,
 And circles the world again:

Work—Let the anvils clang!
 Work—Let us sew the seam!
 Let us bind the girth of the mighty earth
 With the music of our theme!
 Sing as the wheels spin, round,
 Laugh at the red spark's flight,
 And life will flash from the sledge's clash
 Till all the land is light!

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JUDGED BY THE COMPANY IT KEEPS.

A Kansas City newspaper says that a Northwest Missouri business man, who was handsomely remembered in the way of holiday gifts, regards with special favor one that came to him by express from a friend in Tennessee. It was in the shape of a well-filled jug, to the handle of which was attached a note which read as follows: "The contents of this jug came out of the private barrel of a noted horse-thief, 'Rube Wright,' who lived in a cave some distance from Columbia." The newspaper goes on to state that the barrel was found some years ago by parties looking for phosphate. As the horse-thief in question died in prison thirty years ago, the whisky was known to be of good age. The liquor traffic and the strong drink it deals in may be judged by the company it keeps. There is not a crime on the calendar, nor a sin mentioned in the Bible that is not fed and nourished by strong drink.

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THE LESSON OF A TRAGEDY.

A New York paper, commenting on the destruction of a beautiful mansion in that city, in which a quarter of a million dollars worth of rare and beautiful articles were lost, and what was incomparably worse, human lives, declares that the incident calls for something more than regret and sympathy. It makes a practical—and it should prove an effective—appeal to prudence and to judgment. It lays emphasis on the crime against society in putting up firetraps for human dwelling places. When a man erects a house with wooden beams and flooring, with partitions of wood and studs, with wooden stairways,

and with all that wood as dry as tinder, and fills it with combustible furniture and hangings; and when, finally, he carries into all parts of it a net work of electric wires which may get crossed or be poorly insulated, and a maze of gas pipes, which may leak, and an elaborate heating apparatus, which may get over-heated or have defective flues—why, what does he build but a fire-trap and a death-trap? But after all that is not such dangerous folly as the man shows who goes out into the midst of the world full of wickedness and sin, thrusting himself in the midst of temptations to do evil, with passions and appetites and lusts uncontrolled, unmastered, uncurbed by any divine hand. Every day men thrust themselves into the midst of temptations with souls ready to be “set on fire of hell,” and then wonder how they could have been tempted to fall into the deadly sins which overtake them.

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THE DRUNKARD'S DOWNWARD COURSE.

A Western writer has recently given a reminiscence of a speech which he once heard made by John B. Gough, and he gives an exceedingly interesting account of one of Gough's illustrations and its effect on the audience. The great orator's speech at first was slow, gestures few, illustrations not many. The village topers were out in force, and some more decent men for whom women were praying to give over the habit of drink. He told something of his own life, of the misery brought by drink. He was intense at all times, and this intensity bore down upon the listeners until he had made them one with himself. He made some slight comment on the condition of a drunkard's family—the want which came upon them, the loss of self respect. He described the degradation of spirit which rested upon the habitual drinker, and how if that spirit was not destroyed the mere signing of the pledge would not redeem. He pleaded for exercise of will power, more potent in effecting reform than all the drugs and medicines in the world. This was but developing the minds of his hearers for a climax. Suddenly he swung one arm high in the air and shouted: “A drunkard and his fall to the depths of everlasting hell is like the man who climbs to the top of St. Peter's in Rome. He is on the very summit of the great dome, the blue sky above and the world far, far beneath. He looks down from his perch, and having nothing to grasp, to hold to, grows dizzy. Everything is whirling now before him. His senses leave him. He is swooning. His feet slip. He is off the dome. He is in the air. He is falling—Down! Down! Down! To the earth beneath and the ruin of himself. Thus descends the drunkard—Down! Down! Down! To the fires of hell and the ruin of his soul!” The whole exclamation was accompanied with such use of his right arm and his body as to bring the fearful descent immediately to the eye of the mind. A shudder ran over the audience and sobs of men and women were heard on every side. And yet not even Gough in his palmiest days was ever able to adequately describe the awful blackening and ruin which comes to the human soul through strong drink.

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THE POWER OF THE OCEAN.

Few people looking on the ocean in its ordinary moods or sailing over it in a great steamship get any idea of its resistless power when aroused. The summit of Tillamook Rock on the Oregon coast is eighty feet above sea level. The focal plate of the tower light in the light house tower placed on that rock is a hundred and thirty-six feet above sea level, yet the Pacific ocean, which is named the peaceful ocean, when in its angriest mood, oft-times dashes its waves against the plate glass enclosing the light and hurls gigantic rocks high above and drops them upon the home of the lighthouse keeper. On December 9, 1894, the storm was so great that the mountains of water leaped high above the tower. Great boulders were broken off from the sharp top of the rock and dashed a hundred feet above the main rock, coming down upon the building with fearful force. A boulder weighing a hundred and forty-six pounds thrown by the waves over two hundred feet above ordinary sea level, fell down, crashing through the roof and through the kitchen range. What a world of meaning there is in the figure used in the Bible when speaking of the majesty of God it is said that “He holds the waters in the hollow of his hands.”

(278)

LOVE OF COUNTRY.

A singular fact is vouched for about both seals and sea-lions. It is said that they will always if possible climb up onto the rock where they were born to meet death at the same place. Keeper Peson, who was for eight years light house keeper at Tillamook Rock,

on the Coast of Oregon, tells a pathetic story of a noble sea-lion, scarred and bloody and dying from some submarine conflict, who crawled up on his birth rock to die. To the light house keeper it was an indication of the love of native land, of home, of birth spot, that is so dear to the human heart. Patriotism and love of native land has been a great factor in the world's civilization. God implanted it in our hearts and it has ever been strongest in the breasts of the noblest men and women. (279)

DANGER OF THE GROUND SEA.

Inland visitors to the coast at certain seasons of the year are sorely puzzled when a boatman either refuses to put off from shore, or at most to go far from land, on a day when there is no sign of an approaching storm and the water is only moved by a long and gently rolling swell. Argument is of no avail, and if the old salt is pushed for a reason he will only reply with some remark about the "ground sea," the questioner retiring more bewildered than before. It is hard to understand how such a gentle swell can presage danger, but to experienced eyes it gives a warning that must be heeded. All along the West and parts of the South coasts of England and Ireland, as well as the West coast of Scotland, uncounted tales are told of ships which on a perfectly calm day have been within a few hours, first caught by a gentle roll of water and finally thrown on a rockbound shore by the dreaded "Ground sea." It is the ground sea of worldliness that shipwrecks more voyagers for heaven than any storm the Christian sailor has to meet. The roll of the water seems so gentle that men are deceived by it, but ere long they are caught in its sweep and hurled on the rocks of sin. (280)

THE LEAVEN IN THE MEAL.

A writer in Ainslie's magazine gives a very picturesque summary of South African conditions. To his eye there is a fringe of tropical country where bloom the magnolia and the rose, where flourish the orange, pine-apple, lemon, guavo, grape, banana, the cotton and the tea plant; the long stretch of mountains running parallel with the Indian Ocean, the highest peaks of which are capped with snow, and in whose valleys wave tracts of wheat and corn; a vast prairie, dotted here and there with patches of scrub woodland, mission stations and immense farms, with millions of sheep and cattle grazing thereon; a few thousand hamlets scattered like oases over a great landscape, made black by the native Africans who live in thatched huts and wear but a breechclout; a dozen large towns where is heard the clang of the American trolley car and the clatter of the police patrol, and about which men cluster as flies gather to a jar of sweets; the remnants of a once mighty zoological garden, including many leopards, beautiful and live, baboons, antelope, jackals and crocodiles, a less number of hippopotami and a few herds of buffalo, elephant and giraffes; some iron ore, some coal, some copper and a little silver, forty miles of gold and a hundred acres of diamonds. That is South Africa, and after all one would not have to vary the description much if you made that the description of the world. It is a rough old world full of ignorance and prejudice and sin, and Christ comes into it to leaven the meal and bring about after awhile a redeemed humanity that shall be sweet and wholesome. It is a brave undertaking, and courageous and noble souls are needed to carry forward His blessed work in His name and spirit. (281)

THE HOLY YEAR.

The Century year is Holy Year in the Roman church. In Rome on the day before Christmas, 1899, the Pope inaugurated the Holy Year by performing the impressive ceremony of opening the Holy Door of St. Peter's Cathedral. In the vestibule the Papal Throne was erected. The Supreme Pontiff ascended the throne, which was immediately surrounded by Cardinals and dignitaries. Suddenly a heavy bell boomed. The Pope rose and walked toward the Holy Door preceded by an official who met him and handed to him an artistic golden mallet. The Pope, wearing the mitre, uttered the verses of the liturgy and struck three blows with the hammer on the door, which had been previously cut out with a saw. A few moments of solemn silence followed, the Pope and the Papal dignitaries in their state robes being grouped before the door. Then the door swung back and the officials of St. Peters laved the threshold and door posts with Holy Water, while the Pope intoned the Psalm "Jubilate Deo," which was taken up by the Pontifical Choir. The Pope, having again covered his head and holding in his right hand a crucifix and in his left a

lighted candle, knelt at the threshold amid the strains of "Te Deum." Rising he stepped alone within the portals of the vast and empty Cathedral. The Cardinals and others followed, and at this moment all the church bells in Rome rang out. The Holy Year had been entered. Thank God, any man or woman in the world, however humble or sinful they may be, may turn from their dark and unhappy past and enter a Holy Year by knocking at the door of mercy with repentance and faith. To all such Christ says, "Knock, and it shall be opened unto you."

(282)

HONESTY THE BEST POLICY.

The folly of dishonesty in business matters is very clearly set forth by Senator Chauncy M. Depew, one of America's most successful men, in a recent interview. Every young man in the land would do well to study this remarkably interesting and weighty paragraph. Senator Depew says that he has seen many men become wealthy through dishonest methods, and his experience with them has taught him this: "That most men who gain wealth dishonestly if they live long enough, get poor again." It is almost an invariable rule, and it is reasonable enough if you stop to figure it out. For it comes about in this way: A man employs dishonest methods and yet he becomes very wealthy. All his constituents know that his career is just a little bit shady as regards business methods, but he sails serenely along until a crucial moment arrives, a moment when "Money! Ready money! Cash at any price!" is the cry of the maddened brokers. Then he finds his Waterloo. The credit which he might have obtained, the confidence of reliable, reputable firms which he might have commanded, are not forthcoming. His reputation for shady dealings, his ability to slip out of tight places, his deftness at evading technicalities of ordinary business methods, all cause the firms who would have otherwise come to his assistance to steer clear of such a trickster as he is known to have been—and he goes to the wall. Senator Depew further declares that the cynical proverb, "Be good and you'll be happy, but you won't have a good time," may sound very smart and elicit rounds of applause, but it is a fallacy through and through. This distinguished man out of his vast experience has come to this final conclusion: "It is easier, much easier, for an honest man to become wealthy than for his dishonest brother who may seem to prosper for a time; but, mark my words, it is only a temporary success."

(283)

THE LIGHT CURE.

The medical world is at present excited over the remarkable results obtained by a Danish physician, by his system of treating bacterial skin diseases through the means of concentrated chemical rays of light. This is the first instance in medicine where the use of light has been therapeutically employed as a recognized curative agency with completely satisfactory results. This cure suggests to us the spiritual cure about which John speaks when he says, "But if we walk in the light, as He is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin."

(284)

PITY THAT COULD NOT SAVE.

The unusual spectacle of a judge in tears was witnessed at Cardiff when Mr. Justice Bucknill pronounced a capital sentence for the first time in his judicial career. The sentence was on a woman, and the Judge, whose voice was very shaky from the first words of the sentence, entirely broke down at the end and burst into tears. The scene, especially after the pathetic appeal of the prisoner for mercy for the sake of her children, was almost without parallel in the annals of trials. This is a striking illustration of the mercy of God, and the pity of God which yet cannot save except when the sinner pleads the sufferings of Jesus Christ in his behalf. Though God pity as a father or mother he can not be just and yet clear the guilty. The sinner's one chance is to accept the sacrifice of Jesus in his behalf.

(285)

THE HEART SHIP.

Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox has a very beautiful poem in which she sets forth with great clearness that if a man succeeds in all the great ambitions of his life and yet fails in the realm of his affection it is a fatal failure. He may fail in other things, and if his hearth-stone be sweet, life is still a beautiful thing. But if he win everywhere else and his

home affection be blighted, life is impoverished and bankrupt. I have repeated this poem, which is entitled "My Ships," in addresses in many parts of the country, and so many ministers have written me asking for copies of it that I will quote it here as a whole:

If all the ships I have at sea
Should come a-sailing home to me,
Weighed down with gems and silks and gold—
Ah, well! the harbor could not hold
So many sails as there would be
If all my ships came in from sea.

If half my ships came home from sea,
And brought their precious freight to me,
Ah, well! I would have wealth as great
As any king who sits in state,
So rich the treasures that would be
In half my ships now out at sea.

If just one ship I have at sea
Should come a-sailing home to me,
Ah, well! the storm-clouds then might frown,
For, if the others all went down,
Still, rich and proud and glad I'd be
If that one ship came home to me.

If that one ship went down at sea,
And all the others came to me,
Weighed down with gems and wealth untold,
With glory, honor, riches, gold,
The poorest soul on earth I'd be
If that one ship came not to me.

O skies, be calm! O winds, blow free,
Blow all my ships safe home to me!
But if thou sendest some a-wrack,
To never more come sailing back,
Send any, all, that skim the sea,
But bring my love ship home to me!

(286)

FOLLOWING OUT ORDERS.

The London Spectator tells a story of India in which a subaltern was ordered to take a gun up to the top of an apparently inaccessible hill. After several ineffectual attempts, he returned to his superior officer and reported the feat to be impossible. "Impossible, sir," was the reply. "Impossible? Why, I've got the order for it in my pocket." The subaltern went back and succeeded. That kind of grit and fidelity to orders is what the church needs in carrying out Christ's command, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature."

(287)

LONGING FOR IMMORTALITY.

Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton has a pretty little touch illustrating the difference between the flowers and the birds in their losses, and the unceasing longing which is in human hearts for those "whom we have loved long since and lost awhile." With touching pathos she says:

The birds come back to their last year's nest,
And the wild rose nods in the lane;
And gold in the East, and red in the West,
The sun bestirs him again.

Ah! birds come back to their last year's nest,
And the wild rose laughs in the lane;
But I turn to the East and I turn to the West—
"She never will come again."

(288)

LAMPS FOR NIGHT MARCHES.

An ingeniously constructed lamp has been accepted by the English war office authorities for use in the Transvaal, and a large number are being constructed for immediate dispatch to the front. The lamp will be used by the troops during night marches, and is designed with a

view to keeping large bodies of men in touch with each other by means of red, green and white lights, which will be seen by those on the right and left and those in the rear, but no light will be shown in front. In addition to the small lamps carried by a certain percentage of the men, larger central lamps will be carried as guides to the entire force. Those large central lamps remind us of the pillar of fire by which God led the Israelites out of Egypt on their night marches. It was a pillar of fire to the people of God, but black as midnight to the Egyptians. The little individual lamps recall to us David's appreciation of God's Word where he says, "Thy Word is a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path." (289)

THE FRIENDSHIP OF BOOKS.

There is a pretty little note in Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton's recent volume of poems, in which she suggests the satisfaction with which one worried with the strifes and cross-purposes of the world of living men and things goes into the library among the old worthies whose serene temper can never be disturbed. She sings:

The living oft times vex us—
The wise old dead are best—
When Life's vain games perplex us
'Tis here we turn for rest.

(290)

A CAPTAIN'S COWARDICE.

A sea captain as a rule stands by his ship and his passengers with such loyalty and courage that it is with a shock of astonishment we read of the cowardice of Captain Kalker, of the schooner Ruff, off the coast of Mexico. After the schooner had run aground the captain lowered a dingy and abandoned his ship alone, refusing to burden himself with even a single companion. It is impossible not to feel that poetic justice was done when the captain, after clinging to his swamped skiff for several hours was drowned. If he had stood by his ship he would have saved his life, for all on board were rescued. Every good cause is occasionally greatly hindered by the cowardice of leaders. If a cause be right it is always safe to do one's duty and trust God. The bravest course is always the safest. (291)

MAN HOPELESS WITHOUT CHRIST.

One of the saddest little poems comes from Norway, written by Vilhelm Krag. It shows the utter hopelessness of mankind without the anchor to the soul which Christ gives in the promise of immortality. The song is of the frailty of life:

It withers. It withers,
It withers, it withers,—
The world withers, and roses, and women,
My body and all the quivering nerves
Wither!
And Time, it goes creeping slowly past me,
'And the Hours walk by to dig my grave.
I dare not think—I dare not live.
Dare not die!

What a different song the Christian has to sing. Paul and Silas would never have shook a prison down with such hopeless, despairing melodies as that. Surely, "Our rock is not as their rock, our enemies themselves being judges." (292)

KNOWING ONE'S SELF.

Israel Zangwill, the distinguished young Jewish author, is not yet thirty-five years old. His mother was born in Poland and his father in Russia, each coming to England in childhood. They met and were married in London, where the elder Zangwill eked out a living by staining glass and doing other odd jobs. Israel was sent to the free parish school in the Ghetto which he has made famous. At the age of nine he wrote an essay and a little later attracted the attention of Lord Rothschild, who offered to send him to a university. The lad refused. "I knew," he said afterward, "that I would not fit in with such environments. I knew that I was to write and I wished to be free." So he fought his way along and climbed his ladder round by round. Nothing can stand in the way of the man who thus knows himself and who is willing to pay the price of achievement. Let every man study to know himself and then work his own field. (293)

PUT UP THE SWORD.

James Jeffrey Roche sings in the Century a little song which voices the feeling a great many people are having these days, in both the old and the new world, concerning the brutal and bloody side of war:

I have sung of the soldier's glory
As I never shall sing again;
I have gazed on the shambles gory,
I have smelled of the slaughter-pen.

There is blood in the ink-well clotted,
There are stains on the laurel-leaf
And the pages of Fame are blotted
With the tears of needless grief.

(294)

THE TOWERS OF SILENCE.

Julian Ralph, writing of India, says that when a Parsi dies his people leave the death chamber as if fear of the awful presence impelled them, and from that time on will have no more to do with the body. It is taken to the ground floor, where every Parsi must be born and every one must lie in death—in token of humility—and the friends and relatives kneel and pray outside the door of the chamber where it lies. Then it is turned over to the ménials, who carry it to the Towers of Silence, where it becomes the property of the great fat-bodied vultures which sit around the circular top of each tower, as close together as they can press their hideous bodies upon the tower which may be in use. The largest of these towers is eighty feet in diameter and only twenty-five feet high. The grating on which the dead are delivered to the horrible birds slants downward toward the center and has a large circular opening in the middle. The vultures work quickly. In two or three hours only the skeleton remains. Death is silence to all except to those who have hope in Him who went down into the grave and burst asunder its bonds and is alive for ever more.

(295)

THE TEMPLE OF FAME.

An unknown singer in the Denver News has recently sung a very vigorous song entitled "The Temple of Fame," in which he traces the history of two young men. One of these is seeking simply for fame:

"How far away is the Temple of Fame?"
Said a youth at the dawn of day;
And he toiled and dreamed of a deathless name;
But the hours went by and the evening came,
That left him feeble, and old, and lame,
To plod on his cheerless way.

The other young man desired to do good and fulfill God's mission for Him:

"How far away is the Temple of Good?"
Said a youth at the dawn of day;
And he strove, in a spirit of brotherhood,
To help and succor, as best he could,
The poor and unfortunate multitude
And their hard and dreary way.

He was careless alike of praise or blame;
But after his work was done,
An angel of glory from heaven came
And wrote on high his immortal name,
Proclaiming this truth, that the Temple of Fame
And Temple of Good are one.

For this is the lesson that history
Has taught since the world began:
That those whose memories never die,
Who shine like stars in our human sky,
And brighter grow as the years roll by
Are men who lived for Man.

(296)

THE GRUNTING HABIT.

A gentleman relates that one Sunday he was at church, and immediately behind him sat a woman with her young children, and during the sermon to which he was trying to listen intently, his thoughts were distracted by the woman behind him constantly grunting. Her children also grunted at anything that attracted their attention. Securing an opportunity on the way home he asked the elder of the youngsters why he grunted in that peculiar fashion. The boy replied, "Mummy grunts, so do I." Like mother, like child. This homely word "grunt" may be stretched to cover the complaining habit which runs riot in some families. A snarling father and a scolding mother must not be astonished if they raise a brood, the members of which retain the peculiarities of both parents. (297)

SACRIFICES FOR DUTY.

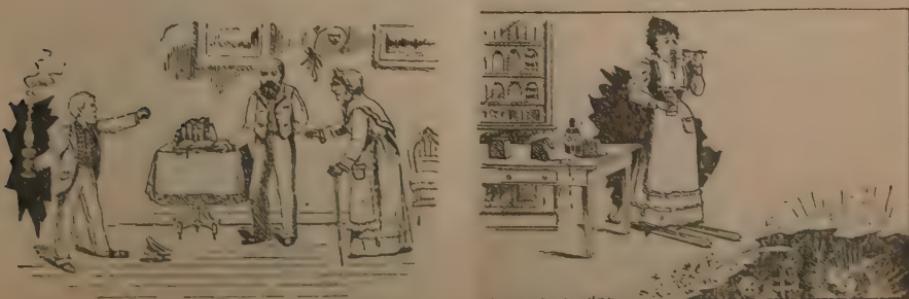
Senator Beveridge, of Indiana, in his famous speech in the Senate giving the result of his explorations in the Philippines, speaks very eloquently of the sacrifices which have ever been at the base of our national success. He says: "As a nation every historic duty we have done, every achievement we have accomplished, has been by the sacrifice of our noblest sons. Every holy memory that glorifies the flag is of those heroes who have died that its onward march might not be stayed. It is the nation's dearest lives yielded for the flag that makes it dear to us; it is the nation's most precious blood poured out for it that makes it precious to us. That flag is woven of heroism and grief, of the bravery of men and women's tears, of righteousness and battle, of sacrifice and anguish, of triumphs and of glory. It is these which make our flag a holy thing. * * * In the cause of civilization, in the service of the republic anywhere on earth, Americans consider wounds the noblest decorations man can win and count the giving of their lives a glad and precious duty. Pray God that spirit never fails! Pray God the time may never come when Maninan and the love of ease shall so debase our blood that we will fear to shed it for the flag and its imperial destiny." (298)

SATAN'S TOBOGGAN SLIDE.

The spot in the Swiss Alps that attracts the winter sportsman is the Cresta Run, at St. Moritz, which is just one mile in length. The condition of the run is not left to chance, but the slide is carefully prepared. Though the Cresta Run is a mile in length the whole distance may be covered in seventy seconds. At the steepest point the rate of a mile a minute is made. The devil also has a toboggan slide which is also carefully prepared with Satanic malice. Woe to the man who uses it. (299)

TOO HEAVY FOR SERVICE.

The eldest son and heir of the rich Lord Rothschild greatly desired to enter the English military service and to go to South Africa with the Yeomanry recently called for, but he was rejected on account of his weight, which was considered too heavy for him to render good service. There are many Christians who are too heavy weighted with sluggishness and indifference and worldliness to be of value in the army of the Lord. We need to heed Paul's injunction and "Lay aside every weight and the sin which doth so easily beset us," if we would successfully run the Christian race and be of value in the service of our Lord. (300)



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(EXCLUSIVELY FOR PREACHERS.)

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Current Anecdotes commits the ridiculous blunder, in its January issue of reprinting Raphael's well known head of St. Paul, and labeling it "John Baptist!" Current Anecdotes would be a good manual for pastoral use if it had not too much of the "one man" characteristic, and if its indexes made it useable. A busy pastor cannot be expected to commit 50 pages of anecdotes to memory, and in his search for illustrations for a given theme he is scarcely helped by such index captions as "Barbed-wire," "Football," "Rot," "Wireless," "Monkey" or even "William McKinley!" The index editor would be helped by a careful study of the Dewey system of classification.

The criticism above is from "Our Church Life," Menasha, Wisconsin, and we are glad to reprint it. For it is our purpose to profit by all criticism and make *Current Anecdotes* the best publication in the country. On the first count the error as to Raphael's St. Paul was explained in the February issue, but as the editor of "Our Church Life" does not subscribe to *Current Anecdotes* and received only one sample copy, from which he wrote his criti-

icism he did not see the correction. However, it was not ~~much~~ worse than the announcement made recently in "Our Church Life" that Pastor Wright was the giver of a generous Christmas offering for an increase of the pastor's salary, and then blame it to a misplaced comma. There may be some truth in it, however, as many pastors have the burden of raising their own salaries thrust upon them, and would probably rather pay it themselves, if they were able.

The second criticism is that there is too much "one man characteristic" about "Current Anecdotes." We are free to admit that we are building up Current Anecdotes and cannot afford yet to have one editor in Ripon, Wisconsin, one in Beloit, Wisconsin, and one in Menasha, Wisconsin. But we are growing and we may eclipse our contemporary some day. Dr. Banks, the editor of the current matter, has written a successful book "Anecdotes and Morals," published by Funk & Wagnalls, and having a wide sale, and has contributed departments of illustrations to the leading homiletic magazines in the United States. But in addition to this, the anecdotes in the departments, no two by the same man, are selected by the department editor. There are about fifty of these in each issue, and they alone would be worth the subscription price of Current Anecdotes. We cannot confess to a weakness in the one man accusation. One man is all right in anything if the one man is the right man.

As to the index, we could say worse things about it than you do, Mr. Composite Editor of "Our Church Life," because we know the man who makes up in the index. The facts are, we do it ourselves, and if you ever get crowded off the crowded staff of "Our Church Life" come on at once and we will give you the index job. You recommend the Dewey system. Now, we thought we were following the Dewey system, that is to go straight to the point, and tell what you have to tell. That is what Dewey did at Manila. But frankly, if Dewey or anyone of that distinguished name has an index system that will tell more in less space than our index, we will study it and use it, even if we have to get up before breakfast to master it.

Speaking of witty oratory last night, Eli Perkins told how Fred Douglass once convulsed a Philadelphia audience. It was at a reception of the great O'Connor in Masonic hall.

Remember it was a black man among Irishmen, who are always susceptible to wit and eloquence.

Mr. Douglass told about a conversation that was overheard in a crowd between two Irishmen after he made a speech in Ohio.

Said one Irishman: "That's a mighty phoine speech fer to be made by a nayger."
"As, yes, it was quoite phoine; but he is

"Well, if half a nayger can make such a speech, phwat kind of a magnificent speech would a whole nayger make?" (Great laughter.)



CHURCH WORK OF CHAS. M. SHELDON,

Author of "IN HIS STEPS."

Inasmuch as Mr. Sheldon will be before the public eye very prominently for some time at least, on account of his management of the Topeka Capital, for one week, we present the following facts concerning his church work in Topeka, furnished by two reliable persons.

The following statement by Mr. Sheldon in his article in a recent number of *The Ladies' Home Journal* will set forth his peculiarity, if it may be called a peculiarity. It is his intensely practical view of living the Christian life that has made him famous.

"When people ask," he says, "Is Christianity practical?" they generally mean, "Can the teachings of Jesus be applied to every condition in life without financial loss?" Out of hundreds of letters that I have received during the last year asking the question, "Do you think the imitation of Jesus possible in our modern civilization?" the great majority of questioners mean by the word "possible," "Can it be done without losing money?" Very many persons use the word "success." They say, "If I should try to follow Jesus in any literal fashion I could not succeed in business." But all this simply raises the question of definitions concerning the object of living at all.

The following was written by a well-known minister in Topeka, of the same denomination Mr. Sheldon. It is presumed that he would be critical.

"If a man's definition of life is 'success,' in the sense of making money, then, of course, Christianity ceases to be practical as soon as obedience to its teachings brings loss of money. If a young man finds that following Jesus will make it necessary for him to fail in business or in social success, then Christianity to him becomes ideal and impracticable—that is, it does if he has no other definitions of success. If the politician finds that in order to imitate Jesus he must at once abandon the selfish rules

of his political party and suffer the loss of his position, or fail to gain his ends, then at once Christianity ceases to be practical, for it becomes instead an ideal system, impossible of actual achievement in society."

No one attending the Central Church would ever feel that Jesus was not recognized as there, that prayer was neglected, that sinners were not offered the Gospel. Possibly one-half of the church have taken the pledge that they will try to do what they think Jesus would do about the same things. All are called again and again to the consideration of the relation of the lives which they are living to the risen Lord.

The pastor is a man of prayer. His work bears the evidence of having been prayed over. His public prayers are fresh and helpful and his people feel that they have been before the throne of grace when he has prayed with them. The writer has sometimes felt that Mr. Sheldon was more at home, more himself in prayer than in any other service. One feels that a friend is bearing the message, one whose heart hungers for a blessing for you rather than for himself.

At each communion, after the supper, all who will are asked to go aside to speak of the grace of God in leading in the life of consecration. They gather in a room and there bear testimony to His leading and pray together for strength to do what Jesus would have them do.

Faith and love are taught as essentials of Christ-likeness; faith for life and love for living.

The one marked, characteristic feature of Mr. Sheldon's life and work, is not to parade for show, but for purpose. Nothing is done in order to be doing but for a purpose. Every service is alive with something, study, praise or prayer. More praying is done than is talked about. More sick are visited than are heard of and more men see Jesus than are counted.

If spirituality is measured by conventional methods this church might be short, but if the presence of the Holy Spirit is to be determined by "hungering and thirsting," by loving hearted ministry, by men, women and children turning to Jesus, all these can be found here by one who looks for them; not labeled, but being lived.

One not infrequently hears the question as to whether Mr. Sheldon's plans are practical or merely beautiful theories, whether he really carries out in the working life of his own congregation the projects which he so earnestly sets forth in his books, and which, to the average reader, seem so desirable and yet so impracticable?

Let this question be asked of any of the members of the Central Congregational church, Topeka, Kansas, and one receives immediately and most emphatically an affirmative answer. And after calling among his people, after talking with his brother ministers of the city, after learning something of what has already been done and what are his plans for future work, even the stranger is impressed with the truth, that earnestly and conscientiously does Mr. Sheldon strive to follow "In His Steps," and that an abundant portion of the Divine Spirit

has been vouchsafed to this man who has chosen to make the guide and inspiration of his life the simple thought, "What would Jesus do?"

Through all of this, readers of Mr. Sheldon's book will find an earnest attempt to carry out in actual life the plans there suggested, while those upon whose minds the touching story of Philip Strong has left its imprint, cannot fail to find in the church, the kindergarten, and Sunday-school work, and in the beautiful life of Mrs. Sherman, the answer to Philip Strong's passionate appeal to Calvary church, that its members would give themselves to the work among their poor and needy neighbors.

Taken as a whole, there is about the work of the Central congregation a charm for which one is not readily able to account. The life of

this church is so different from the life of the average church of the day. And one feels that this difference is due not to the fact that Mr. Sheldon's church is undertaking any line of work at variance with the Divinely instituted New Testament church, but the fact that many churches are failing to perform those very duties which should be its purpose of existence—the glorifying of Christ, through service to His creatures. And the earnest Christian of whatever denomination, who feels his heart tender with love for the Master and the sin-sick wretched humanity of his own land, will find in the story of this congregation, so many of whom are guided by the pledge to do "What Jesus Would Do," and in the story of their Spirit-filled pastor, many things which he may earnestly desire for his own life and church.

DEPARTMENTS.

Incidents Old and New, Biography, History, Art, Poetry, Hymnology, etc.

Edited by F. M. Barton.

GLEANED FROM LIFE.

Shall Walk in High Places.

A Brooklyn organization calls itself the Society of the Five Don'ts. The don'ts are as follows: "Don't ride simply for pleasure on Sunday. Don't (save in an ocean voyage) ride in a public conveyance on Sunday. Don't read a Sunday newspaper on Sunday. Don't buy anything on Sunday, except in case of emergency. Don't mail letters on Sunday." A daily paper says there will not be many converts to the society. None would be needed if Christians obeyed it. (925)

Unkindness

Don't snub a boy because he wears shabby clothes. When Edison, the inventor of the telephone, first entered Boston, he wore a pair of yellow linen breeches in the depth of winter.

Don't snub a boy because his house is plain and unpretending. Abraham Lincoln's early home was a log cabin.

Don't snub a boy because of the ignorance of his parents. Shakespeare, the world's poet, was the son of a man who was unable to write his own name.

Don't snub a boy because he chooses an humble trade. The author of "Pilgrim's Progress" was a tinker.

Don't snub a boy because of physical disability. Milton was blind.

Don't snub a boy because of dullness in his lessons. Hogarth, the celebrated painter and engraver, was a stupid boy at his books.

Don't snub a boy because he stutters. Demosthenes, the greatest orator of Greece, overcame a harsh and stammering voice.

Don't snub anyone. Not only because some day he may far outstrip you in the race of life,

but because it is neither kind, nor right, nor Christian. (926)

What Profitheth.

On the Corniche Road, near to the little village of Eze, where theplash of Mediterranean waves is the only sound heard, one may see an old tombstone inscribed with the strange words, "Here lies the soul of Count Louis Esterfeld." Wanderers along this road had passed by the stone year after year, repeating the words, "Here lies the soul of Count Louis Esterfeld," with a light laugh, and muttering to themselves, "A madman!" till one day there came by a man with thoughts in his mind of which these words were a curious echo. He paused in front of the stone considering, and at last began to dig. Working for some time with his hands, he came at last upon a metal box, and opening it he found it full of gold and jewels. Among them was a paper containing these words: "You are my heir. To you I bequeath this wealth, to you who have understood. In this box is my soul—the money without which a man is but a machine, and his life but a long procession of weary, empty years." The above is from fiction, but how true of many in these dollar grabbing days. (927)

He Cancels Our Debts.

When a Russian soldier, heavily in debt, wrote out a list of his many obligations and exhibited it in a public place, adding in large letters the question, "Who will pay these debts?" the Czar happened to see the whimsical notice, and quietly wrote his name after the question: "Nicholas." The soldier knew that he was free from his creditors. As simply as this, absolutely as simple, is the soul's way to get rid of its sins. (928)

Killed by Anger.

An English journal makes this pertinent comment on the physical effects of anger: "It is not only the soul which is hurt and scarred by this terrible ravager; the body also is undermined."

Anger serves the unhappy mortal who indulges in it much as intoxicants do the intemperate. It grows into a sort of disease, with varied and awful results. Sir Richard Quain said, not long ago:

"He is a man very rich indeed in physical power who can afford to be angry."

That is true. Whenever a man becomes white or red with anger, he is in danger of his life. When he indulges in fits of passion, the heart and brain are the organs affected. Not only does anger cause partial paralysis of the small blood-vessels, but the heart's action becomes intermittent; that is, occasionally drops a beat. Much the same thing is experienced by excessive smokers, but in anger the effect is even more deadly. We cannot afford to be wroth.

(929)

Where Am I?

The following grotesque narrative is found in a collection of Chinese temperance tales:

A stupid yamen underling was once taking a rascally Buddhist monk to prison. As he started with his prisoner, he was afraid of forgetting his things and errand, so he began mumbling, "Bundle, umbrella, cangue [yoke], warrant, monk and myself." At every two or three steps he repeated the list. The monk, seeing the sort of man he had to deal with, treated him at an inn until he was so drunk that he wanted to sit down by the wayside and sleep.

When he was fast asleep the monk took off his cangue, shaved the man's head, put the wooden collar on him, and took to his heels.

On recovering his senses the man exclaimed, "Let me wait until I have counted everything. Let me see. Bundle and umbrella are here." Then feeling his neck, he cried, "And the cangue, too; and here beside me is the warrant!" Then, half-scared, "Hai ya! I don't see the monk, but," rubbing his itching pate, he gleefully added, "The monk is still here, but where am I? Bundle, umbrella, cangue, warrant, monk. But where am I? Bundle, umbrella—!" "Youth's Companion. Where would we find ourselves if we took inventory?" (930)

As Others See Us.

You know the history of Catholic persecution in the north of Europe, beginning 400 years ago. For centuries the Catholic was an outcast, his religion believed to be extinct. That it sprang into new life with the beginning of this century proves that the life that God gives never dies. The most advanced Christian churches today are looking wistfully toward Rome. Our opponents have weakened until they are no longer formidable. They have petty churches here and petty churches there. There is no unity even among themselves. They have cast the Holy Bible out of their schools, and in this generation of youth which

is being reared by a certain natural law of goodness there is greater need than ever before of Catholic truth.—Father Yorke. Are these the wounds of an enemy? (931)

That Thy Days May Be Long.

A short time ago a father, who has four or five sons and a little home, was heard worrying about the future. His friend said to him: "Why, you need not worry; you have a piece of property and all these growing boys—some of them men—and these can take care of you." The father replied: "My friend, I will tell you something; a poor father is able to raise five boys and take care of them all, but often five grown sons are not able to take care of their old father." Because children forget God and His commandments! (932)

Visions of Glory.

A member of my church was watching with her cousin who was near death's door. It seemed her folks could not comprehend the fact, and as it dawned upon her mother that she had really ceased to breathe she broke out in hysterics and was inconsolable in her grief. She screamed, "Come back," "My darling daughter come back." Again and again did she utter those words. The daughter had a beautiful Christian experience, but the mother was not a Christian. While the mother was thus screaming, and they were dressing the daughter for burial, all at once her eyes opened. She called her mother and said, "Oh, mother, don't call me back. I know you would not if you could only know what I have seen and what joy I am going to. I heard the most beautiful music, the most lovely singing. I saw a city with streets that shine like gold, and palaces that look like crystal, with curtains like woven glass, a river like molten silver, and I will be so happy there; don't call be back, but let me go again in peace, where angels sing and where I can be forever happy; you would not call me back if you could but realize my joy. Oh, mother, don't call me, don't, don't." And she fell back upon her pillow and was no more. The lady who was attending her was not a Christian, but was converted in my church during revival meetings which I was holding, and is today an active Christian. G. E. Foster. (933)

A Child Shall Lead Them.

A little girl whose parents had spent most of their time as bartenders, was persuaded to attend the Sunday-school where I was pastor. The lesson was on the line of prayer and its answers. I followed with a sermon to children, using as a text John 15:7, and after the service the little 7-year-old asked my wife, who was her Sunday-school teacher, if she were to pray for her father and mother, would God answer her prayers. She was assured that He would if she prayed in earnest and did not give up every few Sundays. She said after that, "I'm still praying and working." One day, about a year later, the mother, with the tears streaming down her cheeks, came to the altar and asked to be taken into the church. As the

mother was walking down the aisle, the little girl, who was sitting near my wife, said, "Oh, some of my prayers are answered." The next Sunday the little girl said, "Mamma and I are both praying for papa now," and about three months later the father, like the mother, started down the aisle after the morning sermon and asked to be taken into the church. He was about half-way down to the altar when the little girl first saw him. She turned again to my wife, who was sitting by her, and with a face all aglow with almost heavenly light, spoke loud enough for nearly all to hear, "My prayers are all answered." "My prayers are all answered."—G. E. Foster. (934)

Ye Are Brethren.

We have had a beautiful example of love set us by one of the leading ladies of the town. She has a "servant girl" (how I dislike the term), a domestic helper who has fallen low in the moral scale. To raise her ideals, give her desirable recreation and help in the upward path, Mrs. S. is taking her to lectures, concerts, etc., this winter. Taking her, I say. Not giving her a ticket; she sits beside her. How I love Mrs. S. for this. (935)

Honesty of Heart.

In the popular story of "David Harum" the author reports his eccentric but sensible hero as saying: "Fact is, the kind of honesty that won't actually steal is a kind of fool honesty that is common enough. But the kind that keeps a feller's mouth shut when he hadn't ought to talk is about the rarest thing a-going." Paul writes to the Christians at Rome: "Owe no man anything, but to love

one another. He that loveth another hath fulfilled the law" (Rom. xiii. 8).

In the case that David Harum referred to, a bank cashier, whose accounts always balanced to a farthing, gossiped about one of his customers so as to ruin his credit, and would have driven him into bankruptcy if a friend had not come to the rescue. It was thoughtless tittle-tattle. He did not mean to do any harm, and yet he would have injured the man less if he had burglarized his store and stolen goods worth hundreds of dollars. (936)

Gentle Enemies.

"A striking incident, and most touching scene, is comprised in the following account of the Colesburg disaster furnished by a South African war correspondent with General French's column:

"Our burying party sent out was received by the Boers sympathetically. They rendered assistance also to our men. Over the grave they sang a hymn, and some of the leaders made impressive speeches, expressing abhorrence of the war, regretting the heavy losses on both sides, and declaring the hope that the war would soon be ended."

"One wonders if ever before in the history of war the victors in such an engagement stood round the graves of the men they had just shot, sang a hymn, and, amid these solemn surroundings, impressively bewailed the strife of blood, which they fervently hoped would soon be ended. Mystery of earthly affairs, that we must shoot such men. Alas, for human wisdom!" The Boer may have many faults, but surely they have read their Bibles to a purpose to pray for their enemies. (937)

MEN AND MENTION.

Take Care of Me.

Dr. H. Clay Trumbull tells of a little boy in a trundle bed who never went to sleep in the dark without asking, "Papa, are you there?"

"Yes, my son."

"Will you take care of me tonight?"

"Yes, my son." And then he would turn over and go to sleep.

"That little boy," says Dr. Trumbull, "is now an old man of sixty-seven, but he never goes to sleep without looking up into his Heavenly Father's face and saying, 'Father, will you take care of me tonight?' And the answer comes back in every experience of darkness. 'Yes, my son,' and then the Lord 'giveth His beloved sleep.'" And the same little boy, now 67, Dr. Trumbull himself if we mistake not, makes it a rule to speak to some person about Christ each day of his life. (938)

Love Your Enemies.

The Marquis de Gallifet, who has the war portfolio in the present French ministry, played a gallant part in the Franco-Prussian war, and his old enemies have always held him in the greatest respect. One autumn in the eighties, the cavalry hero received a special invitation

from the old emperor to attend the manœuvres of the German army.

His majesty treated his guest with the most exquisite courtesy and consideration, and at table placed him at his right hand.

Speaking of it afterward, says the London Chronicle, the emperor said he had felt inclined to repeat what Frederick the Great once said to the Austrian Marshal Daun on meeting him after the Seven Years' war. The marshal was for taking his place at table opposite the king, but Frederick exclaimed:

"No, that will never do; come and sit beside me; I know only too well what it is to have you on the other side!" If we could only get our unsaved friends on Christ's side of the table. (939)

The Queen's Allowance.

A pretty story respecting the queen's first visit to Bristol, 69 years ago, is told on apparently good authority. With her mother she entered a china shop in High street to buy a doll's dinner service. The one that captivated her fancy was too dear for her childish purse, but, in spite of early lessons in economy, she still wished to purchase it. Thereupon a consultation took place between her and her moth-

er, ending in a triumph for the young princess, the duchess of Kent consenting to lead her the amount wanted until the next allowance should be due. The future queen carried off the precious tea set with great joy. How good it is we do not have to wait for our allowance in time of need. (940)

Powerful.

The Russians tell a story of the late Czar Alexander III. that upon the rare occasions when it was incumbent upon him to pay a call he would take a gold coin bearing his "image and superscription" and twisting it between thumb and finger leave it in lieu of a card—the only man in Russia who had strength for the feat.—*Ladies' Home Journal*. When Christ calls on a sinner and the sinner receives, he leaves a memento of His power—the power to crush and cancel sin. (941)

Don't Hesitate.

Dr. George F. Pentecost says he once ventured to speak to a man on religious matters, and asked him if he was a Christian, but he did so with some trepidation, not knowing how the man would receive it. At the close of the talk that ensued, the doctor expressed the hope that the man had not considered him impertinent. The answer was a warm grasp of the hand and the following impressive words: "Don't ever hesitate to speak to any man about his soul. I have been longing for twenty years to have some Christian speak to me. I believe there are thousands of men in this city who are in the same condition that I am, carrying an uneasy conscience and a great burden on their souls; not courageous enough to seek instruction, yet willing to receive it." (942)

By Their Works not Words.

We do not know, by reading his sermons whether Phillips Brooks loved Christ sincerely; but when we find him caring for a sick child in a tenement house that the mother may have a breath of fresh air in the park, we say, "Now we know whom he loves, and in whose name he bears this burden." We can not tell from Mr. Gladstone's vigorous defense of Christianity whether he loves Christ; he may do this because, being of Scotch blood, he loves a good fight; but when a dying boy tells us, "Mr. Gladstone was here this morning, and he read to me out of the book," we say, "now it is clear why he defends the faith—he loves the Christ of the faith." *In His Steps*.—The establishment of the kingdom of God depends on the doing of His will. (943)

Denying Himself.

Thomas Wright of Manchester was a common laborer. On his way to the workshop he was accustomed to pass the Old Bailey prison. The faces that looked on him from between the bars spoke with Macedonian voices, "Come and help us! Help us!" He was thereupon moved to employ himself in the service of convicted criminals. It required time and money, and resolution. The last he had, the rest could be gotten—but the money? He put himself on

short allowance, denied himself the common luxuries of a workman's life, went threadbare; heard himself called mean, close-handed, miserly. But the prisoners at the Old Bailey began to know him. Ten years passed by; and then it was made to appear that through his patient continuance in well-doing, three hundred felons, going out of these prison doors, had been placed in positions of usefulness and restored to an honorable and upright life. Thus Thomas Wright made for himself a perpetual name among the noble army of philanthropists—and that on an income of \$100 a year.

(944)

First Gave Themselves.

William Carey, in connection with all his splendid personality, his scholarship and spiritual gifts, in the course of his missionary career contributed more than \$230,000 in money to the mission work. But it would have never come without a day of God's power in his experience of life, never. Look at John G. Paton, grand old hero! As one of the survivors of the days of the acts of the Apostles, we think of him. There was a profit of \$70,000 coming to him in his own proper right, as men view rights, in the way of profits from his biography. But he laid the whole of it on the altar of the missionary society that had sustained him and said: "Pass on the bread of life to my brethren in the South Seas." Days of God's "power" precede such giving as that.—H. C. Mabie.

(945)

Great-hearted.

In Northfield also Mr. Moody was on the best of terms with the Roman Catholics. He gave the largest subscription toward building a new church for the flock, and later he presented an organ, and justified his action thus: "If they are Roman Catholics, it is better that they should be good ones than bad. It is surely better to have a Catholic church than none; and as for the organ, if they are to have music in the church, it is better to have good music. Besides, they are my own townspeople. If I am ever to be of the best use to them, surely I must help them now." Later, when Mr. Moody let it be known to his intimates that he intended soon to build on a certain spot on the seminary grounds, he was surprised one day to find that his Roman Catholic fellow-townspeople had gone up to the hillside and hauled down enough stone for the foundations for the new buildings, without so much as asking his leave. Thus did comity beget comity.—*Review of Reviews*. (946)

Conquered Pride.

John Adams, the second President of the United States, used to relate the following anecdote:

"When I was a boy I used to study Latin grammar; but it was dull, and I hated it. My father was anxious to send me to college, and therefore I studied the grammar till I could stand it no longer; and going to my father I told him that I did not like study, and asked for some other employment.

"My father said, 'Well, John, if grammar



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does not suit you, try ditching—perhaps that will. My meadow yonder needs a ditch, and you may put by Latin and try that.'

"I dug next forenoon, and wanted to return to Latin at dinner; but it was humiliating, and I could not do it. At night toil conquered pride; and though it was one of the severest trials I ever had in my life, I told father that if he chose I would go back to Latin grammar.

"He was glad of it, and if I have since gained any distinction, it has been owing to the two days' labor in that ditch."—Christian Standard.

(947)

Whom God Hath Joined.

When Ruskin was young and already famous he met one evening at a dance in London a beautiful girl. Pointing her out to him, the hostess told him he ought to marry her. Loving the beautiful in art, as he did, Ruskin was greatly attracted by the young woman, and his attractions proved mutual.

Ruskin married the young woman he had met at the ball and gave her a magnificent home. So charmed was he with his wife's beauty that after a time he brought Millais, the painter, to his home and asked him to paint Mrs. Ruskin's portrait.

Millais was then a man of superb physique, broad-shouldered, deep-chested and of great strength. The two fell in love with each other and Ruskin saw the unfolding of the romance which might easily have grown into a tragedy.

Knowing that his wife loved him no longer Ruskin bowed to his fate without a word of accusation or blame, and quietly obtained a divorce.

Then, when his wife was free, he walked into church with her one morning and stood by while they were married.

What a comment on marrying for beauty, or art, or riches, or anything, but God-blessed love.

(948)

Power to Remove Uncleanness.

Rear Admiral Dewey has always been inclined to insist upon neatness on the ships under his command, and the rigid application of sanitary regulations among his men. A capital story of a lesson in neatness which he once gave his men is going the rounds, and is so good it ought to be true: "While in a foreign port Dewey ordered the heaviest hoisting tackle in the ship out of the hold without delay. Nobody could see any occasion for it, as there seemed to be nothing either to be taken on board or sent ashore. But when, after two hours' hard work, the tackle was ready, the admiral ordered that a large wad of tobacco which had been thrown under one of the guns be hoisted overboard and dumped into the sea. What trouble, what pain was required to remove or put away our sins, sins of uncleanness.

(949)

Six Day Man.

When the directors of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad Company met one Sabbath morning in a hotel in Chicago, and sent word to Mr. Charles G. Hammond, the superintendent of the road, that his presence was

required, he sent back word by their messenger:

"Six days in the week I serve the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad Company, but the seventh is the Sabbath of the Lord my God, and on that day I serve Him only." Instead of discharging him, the directors were sensible enough to see that in Mr. Hammond they had a man who was simply invaluable; but a weaker man would have obeyed those men rather than God.—Evangelical Herald.

(950)

Praying for Lincoln.

The following experience with Lincoln was given by Bishop Janes:

"Many a time during the war, when I visited him in his private office in Washington, he said: 'Do not go, Bishop, until you have prayed with me. We need your prayers and the divine direction in these critical hours,' and so time after time, I knelt by Mr. Lincoln in the White House, when we two were alone, and carried the cause of the Union and the needs of the President's anxious heart and of our distracted country to the Lord in prayer."

This is confirmatory of the testimony of Bishop Simpson, General Rusling, General Daniel E. Sickles and many others.

From the blatant infidelity of most of those who claim Lincoln as a freethinker the President was as far removed as they are from reverence and candor.—Christian Advocate.

(951)

My Father's Business.

"One of the most saintly men on earth," wrote a minister, "was the head of a large business firm in Liverpool; and amidst all the rush and pressure of his life always found time to pray and to visit the sick. Even after a hard day's toil, when mind and body were almost worn out, he would never go to rest without doing some good work among the poor. He never spoke much of it, and often his friends would wonder where he spent his evenings.

"'More business?' one said, meeting him returning about midnight from watching by a dying bed.

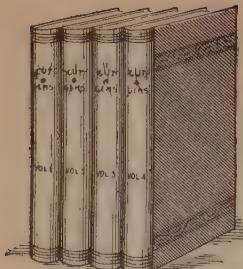
"'Yes,' was the answer, given with a bright smile; 'my Father's business. The most important of all.'"

(952)

A Queen's Word.

A picturesque story is that which comes from Biarritz, and concerns itself with the Queen of Servia and her jewels. It seems that while staying at Biarritz, the queen one day missed a valuable portion of her jewels. A few days later an advertisement appeared in the local papers to the effect that if the jewelry was returned to the queen she would present it to the poor of Biarritz. Two days afterward she received her lost or stolen diamonds by post, accompanied by a sheet of coarse paper, on which was scrawled in printed characters, "I shall be curious to see if a queen can keep her word." The queen did keep her word, and presented the restored trinkets to the Sisters of Charity to be used for the benefit of the poor. We have the word of a king that we shall be redeemed.

(953)



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Lincoln's Temperance.

When the committee appointed by the Republican convention called to inform Lincoln of his nomination for the Presidency, a number of citizens of Springfield, knowing that he did not keep intoxicating liquors in the house, sent a case of wine with which to entertain his guests. He returned it, thanking them for their kindly interest, and said: "I cannot allow you to do what I would not do myself." After the committee had formally notified him of the honor conferred upon him, Mr. Lincoln called a maid and asked her to bring a pitcher of water and several glass tumblers. He then gravely addressed the distinguished gentlemen present, saying: "Gentlemen, we must pledge our mutual healths in the most healthy beverage God has given to man. It is the only beverage I have ever allowed or used in my family, and I cannot conscientiously depart from it on the present occasion; it is pure Adam's ale from the spring."

Mr. Lincoln often preached what he called a sermon to his boys. It was: "Don't drink, don't gamble, don't smoke, don't lie, don't cheat. Love your fellow-men, love God, love truth, love virtue, and be happy." He taught temperance by example and by precept, and on several occasions suggested to young men not to "put this enemy into their mouths to steal away their brains." While visiting General Grant's army on the Potomac an officer asked Mr. Lincoln to drink a glass of champagne, saying, "Mr. President, that is a certain cure for seasickness." Mr. Lincoln replied that he "had seen many fellows seasick ashore from drinking that vile stuff."—Northwestern Christian Advocate. (954)

Not If It Were My Boy.

Some years ago the late Horace Mann, the eminent educator, delivered an address at the opening of some reformatory institution for boys, during which he remarked that if only one boy was saved from ruin, it would pay for all the cost, and care, and labor establishing such an institution as that. After the exercises had closed, in private conversation, a gentleman rallied Mr. Mann upon his statement, and said to him: "Did you not color that a little, when you said that all that expense and labor would be repaid if it only saved one boy?" "Not if it were my boy," was the solemn and convincing reply. (955)

A Changed Life

Mr. Moody was asked one time to tell what he considered the most remarkable conversion he ever had, and he told the story of his great meeting in Agricultural Hall, in London, when 15,000 people were present. Among this vast throng was an English race horse owner. He was devoted to the track in all that that implies, and had been for the biggest part of his life. He was third owner of the Epsom race track, and a well known character in sporting circles. He came to the meeting out of curiosity, but his heart was changed before it closed. He became a Christian, gave up his sporting connections, sold his horses and all his racing interests, and thereafter lived an exemplary Christian life. He had several sons, all of whom are earnest Christian workers. Mr. Moody more than once said that if no others had been converted under his preaching, he considered himself sufficiently repaid for his labors, in saving that man. By their fruits shall men be known. (956)

STATISTICAL FACTS AND POINTS.

Out of eight millions of people in the United States, there are perhaps two millions of habitual drunkards. This is to say, one person out of every forty is a victim of the alcohol habit. The other thirty-nine persons enter into partnership with the saloon and see that this victim continues his soul-destroying habit. We also allow the traffic to entrap our boys, in order that the place of the adult drunkard may be filled as soon as he has imbibed enough alcoholic poison to usher him out of the world. The drunkard is dead, long live the drunkard, is the American acclaim to the liquor king. We keep the great army of drunkards full by recruiting it from the army of tipplers, and we put in command of this staggering host the proprietors of gin-mills, breweries, and saloons. Then we go out complacently and shout and cheer for the generals, colonels, and captains, who are commanding this unfortunate army in its rapid march to the last ditch of dishonor and death.—Michigan Christian Advocate. (957)

Colonel J. Merriam, president of the Anti-Cigarette League, says: "What of the boy? This of the boy: He is the hope of the race. If we lose the boy, we lose all the hopes we have for the future greatness of our beloved

land. Every patriotic man and every patriotic woman must be interested in all that pertains to the welfare of those who are so soon to take their places in the great contest which is to settle the problems of the ages. The boy with the cigarette habit is on the high road to ruin. He may be saved, but not with a cigarette in his mouth to deaden his best purposes and weaken both brain and heart." Let every parent of a boy heed these words. The organization of a league to fight the cigarette devil is most timely. Its headquarters are in Chicago. It proposes in every possible way to hinder and overthrow the cigarette traffic, and merits the hearty support of every lover of boys and country. (958)

Statistical computations for 1899 show that the total sum embezzled in that period was \$2,218,373, \$3,632,890 below that of the year preceding, and the smallest total in twenty years, except in 1882, when it was \$2,000,000. But the country was not nearly so wealthy then as now, and opportunities for embezzlement were far less abundant. In the same connection it is shown that the donations and bequests, if there be a distinction, for the year were \$79,278,986, by far the largest ever given in any single year. (959)

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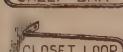
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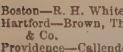
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The following summary of church statistics, as given in *The Independent*, will have interest for our readers:

Denom.	Minis.	Chur.	Memb.
Roman Catholic	11,144	11,594	8,446,301
Methodist	36,424	53,023	5,809,516
Baptist	33,088	49,721	4,443,628
Lutheran	6,685	10,991	1,575,778
Presbyterian	12,073	14,831	1,500,847
Disciples of Christ	6,339	10,298	1,118,396
Episcopalian	4,981	6,623	709,325
Congregationalist	5,639	5,620	628,234
Reformed	1,897	2,440	365,075
United Brethren in Christ	1,910	4,179	238,684
United Brethren (Old Constitution)	619	786	26,296 (960)

Hon. Carroll D. Wright, the eminent statistician, says that statistics show that the cost of trying, convicting, and punishing the criminals who are led to crime through strong drink amounts to at least twenty times as much as the revenue paid for license by the saloons! Add to this the loss in labor, manhood, home joys and comforts, and then you can form some faint conceptions of the enormity of the legalized rum traffic. (961)

The heathen and pagan worlds are suffering religiously, morally, socially and intellectually. The half can never be told. Sixty-seven die each minute, 100,000 every 24 hours. In India alone lives every sixth person in the world. Here every fifth female is a widow, 14,000 widows under four years of age, 64,000 above four and under nine years, 174,000 above nine and under 14 years, the whole number of widows 23,000,000, the whole population of India being close to 300,000,000, with Africa 100,000,000 less and China 100,000,000 more. (962)

The United States pays to foreign missions each year about \$5,500,000; pastors' salary, \$12,000,000; public schools, \$100,000,000; for sugar and sweets, \$160,000,000; for boots and shoes, \$200,000,000; cotton goods, \$330,000,000; lumber, \$330,000,000; meat, \$310,000,000; bread stuffs, \$510,000,000; pleasure trips, \$100,000,000; jewelry and trinkets, \$400,000,000; tobacco in all forms, \$600,000,000; wine, beer and strong drinks, \$900,000,000. (963)

The growth of missions in the 17th and 18th centuries equal that of the first 1,000 years A. D. The first 1,500 years equal but the first 90 years of this century. The Christian world numbered, in 1790 A. D., 170,000,000; today it numbers 575,000,000, or one-third of the population of the earth. In 1786, 36 per cent. of the world's population were governed by Christian races, now but 33 per cent. by non-Christian races. The earth's area is 49,100,000 square miles. Non-Christians rule a little more than 8,000,000. The Christian has grown from 7 per cent. to 82 per cent. In 1800 English was spoken by 20,000,000, today it is spoken by 130,000,000. (964)

The wealth of the United States is more than

\$70,000,000,000 or \$1,000 per inhabitant. From 1810 to 1819 our United States gave to foreign missions \$206,000 or \$21,000 per year; 1820 to 1829, \$745,000 or \$75,000 per year; 1830 to 1839, \$2,886,000 or \$289,000 per year; 1840 to 1846, \$5,088,000 or \$509,000 per year; 1850 to 1859, \$8,427,000 or \$843,000 per year; 1860 to 1869, \$13,074,000 or \$1,307,000 per year; 1870 to 1880, \$24,425,000 or \$1,948,000 per year; 1881 to 1894, \$44,390,000 or \$3,415,000 per year; 1895, about \$5,500,000 per year.

In 1890 the Protestant world gave \$13,000,000 and in 1891 \$16,000,000 to foreign missions. (965)

The output of cigarettes for 1899 was 19 per cent. less than in the preceding year, or a decrease of 631,776,614. In spite of this tremendous decrease in one line the total output of manufactured tobacco in 1899 exceeded that in 1899 by more than 600,000 pounds. (966)

In an article on "Women and the Emotions," by Professor Mantegazza, in the November *Humanitarian*, there are some interesting statistics showing that those modern sociologists who hold that women are men's equals in the field of criminality are wrong. Here are some of them:

Man bears false witness 100 times to a woman's seventeen.

Man for forgery and counterfeit coinage was convicted 100 times to a woman's eleven.

In France women are summoned before tribunals four times less than men.

In France in 1880 women delinquents were fourteen to 100 men.

In Italy in the same year they were only 9 per cent.

In Algeria we have ninety-six male delinquents and only four women.

In England and Wales between 1834 and 1842 there were twenty-four women to 100 men, all for the more serious offenses.

In 1871 Dr. Nicholson found in the prisons in England 8,218 men and 1,217 women.

In Bavaria from 1862 to 1866, in a population consisting of peasants, the women who were condemned were in proportion twenty-nine to 100 men.

In the prisons of Turin from 1871 to 1884 the women in respect to men are represented by a figure of 13.67 per cent.

Taking the whole of Europe, women are, the professor says, five times less guilty than men. (967)

There are 199,729 persons holding licenses granted by the government of the United States to sell spirituous liquors, an increase from 195,964 on Jan. 1, 1899. In addition to these there are 12,327 persons licensed to sell malt liquors only, an increase of 244 from the previous year, making a total of 212,156 retail liquor dealers in the United States—4,121 more than in 1898. There are 4,496 persons licensed as wholesale dealers, 1,959 brewers and 1,907 rectifiers, making a total of 220,518 licenses granted for the manufacture and sale of liquor. It is fair to estimate that at least three persons are employed under every license. This is

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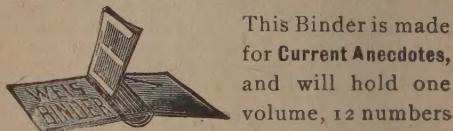
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undoubtedly a small average, because some of the brewers and distillers employ several thousand men, but even at that rate there are not less than 661,554 persons engaged in the manufacture and sale of liquor in the United States. Estimating the population of the country at 75,000,000, this would make an average of one liquor seller to every 114 of the population.

During the last year 25,202,901 bushels of grain and 2,198,613 gallons of molasses were used for the manufacture of liquor in this country which produced 107,618,120 gallons of spirits and 1,657,808 gallons of rum, making a total of 109,275,928, which is about one gallon and a half to every man, woman and child in the country.—Chicago Record. (968)

THE MONKS OF LA TRAPPE.

Many years ago, the pope, having heard that the monks of La Trappe were living upon the most simple fare, abstaining wholly from the use of flesh foods, thought to render them a favor by sending them an indulgence, granting them permission to deviate from their vow of abstinence from flesh food, in the interests of their health. To his surprise the messenger found the monastery filled with hale and hearty old men between seventy and eighty years of age, free from disease, and able to endure the rigors of their austere life without difficulty, and returned to the pope with the assurance that the indulgence was not desired, as the monks not only suffered no inconvenience from the disuse of flesh food, but found an immense gain in health and vigor by confining themselves to a simple dietary of fruits, grains, and nuts.

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On account of the World's Missionary Conference in New York, in April, there will be a widespread revival of interest in the missionary cause. You will need "Missionary Annals of the 19th Century," see page 186 for data for your missionary sermon.

"Fifty Sermons and Evangelistic Talks by D. L. Moody", published by F. M. Barton, Cleveland, O., is further described on page 184. The book contains over 60 sermons, each bristling with anecdotes and bright shafts of wisdom.

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with hints, incidents and admonitions, is the title of a book that will eventually find its way into the study of every minister who is trying to make his life count for the most. A bishop and a college president of very different denominations who have examined the manuscript, pronounce it exceedingly valuable.

The book is now in the hands of the printer, and will come from the press about April 15. The price is \$1.50 but orders from ministers enclosing the subscription slip below can secure the book for \$1.00. But after the date of publication the price will be \$1.50, with no discount to ministers.

No more than 1000 advance subscriptions will be received.

The author, Rev. Charles Sheard, says that this book is the result of years of contemplation, careful observation, personal experience and extensive reading. No important phase of ministerial life has been passed over. The aim has been to make an all around book on the subject. In the preface the author continues as follows:

"I have endeavored to write just such a work as would have been invaluable to me in the earlier years of my own ministry and which I may consult with profit now and in time to come. I have written for ministers of every branch of the general church of God in the earth, and not for ministers of any one religious cult or denomination. Hoping, then, that it will be found a valuable and handy manual to those engaged in the sacred office, to which they shall turn occasionally for light in darkness and direction in doubt; which shall stimulate to renewed efforts and cheer in moments of discouragement, and will supply a real and felt need; I send it forth on its mission of suggestiveness and helpfulness, praying that the blessing of the great head of the church may attend it."

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